

ON THE DEATH

O F T H E

Lord General MONCK.

W Ho's Body is deceas'd ? Old *Albemarl's* ?
He whom our grateful gracious Lord King *Charls*
Cal'd Father ? He that did out-wit the crafty

Rump-Rulers with their *Committee of Safety* ?

He that (without least loss of Bloud) did bring
Our much desir'd, long banish'd Lord the King
Home to his Crowns and Kingdoms ? Is He gon
Why then a Pillar of the State is down.

Great Brittain may put on a Mourning dress
The Court hath one great Constellation less :

No loyal *Englishman* that now draws breath
But hath a fatal int'rest in his death :

For the whole Kingdom was concern'd in Him ;

The Body Politic hath lost a Limb ;

The Camp doth miss an Arm, the Court an Eye,

The King an Heart fill'd full of Loyaltie.

As he had Prudence, Courage, Worth and Wit,

So he had Fortune, which makes all things hit.

As He had Resolution to Doo,

So He had judgment to know When and How

Witness his *Iter Boreale* when

He was mysterious to the wisest men

And did not agitate so much with Swords

As by a well-rul'd Regiment of Words

Intricate motions which though high and right

Were swift and subtle as a Swallows flight :

For though besieg'd with Questions, Foe, nor Friend

Could tell to what intent his March did bend.

In brief, 'twas destin'd by Divine Decree

In God's High Court that He and none but He

Should have the fate (though much before was done)

To fix the injur'd Heir safe in his Throne

(Which our abstruse Star-students could not see

But put a Period to Monarchie :

And did proclaim their Sence with Tongue and Pen,

That we should never have a King agen :)

By His example we may all agree,

That Honesty is the best Policie :

And that to do things justly, may befriend

A man in the best way to his own End :

In this wise Art he was a man compleat,
And by his being Good grew to be Great :
For we may see by what was lately done,
His only aim was not Ambition.
For when He had his Dukedom and Repose
In the Kings Arms, Enfranchis'd from all foes :
In his old Age (His Loyalty was such)
He ventur'd Life and Honour 'gainst the *Dutch* :
No petty Peril, but as fierce a slaughter
As could be acted by Sword, Fire and Water :
Where He was liable by one small shot
To leave at once, even all that he had got.
This Action made it Evident he stood
Not for His own End, but His Country's good ;
Which made the King invite him to retreat,
Never was King and Subject better met,
Or ever did things with more due regard ,
One to Deserve, and tother to reward.
No King such Servant in such great disaster,
Nor ever Subject had a better Master :
But Death hath parted them, and VVe (in grofs)
At once may weep for Him and the Kings loss.

His Epitaph.

L Et no profane igne ble foot tread nere
This hallowed piece of Earth, George Monck lies bere ;
A small poor Relict of a noble Spirit ,
Free as the Air, and ample as His Merit :
Whose least perfection was large, and great
Enough to make a Common man compleat :
A Soul refin'd and cull'd from vulgar men,
Who brought King Charls to his lost Crown agen.
Who for Religion and His Countreys good,
Valu'd not Fortunes, Honors, Health or Bloud :
Here, Here He lies who lov'd unto the end,
The Church, the King, his Country, and his Friend.

T. J.